We breakfasted and dined on deck when we came to an anchor, enjoying the delicious cool air, and the view of every estate and improvement, marking the names on the map. At two o'clock we anchored off the round hill of Naparisma, before the little village of Petitbourg, which is the shipping-place of many fine estates, with which it communicates by means of a very fine road.

After dinner we went into a boat and entered the river Guaracaro, which empties itself through thickets of the mangrove-tree, the low boughs and roots of which are loaded with oysters, very delicate in taste.

We rowed up a mile in a deep channel, darkened by huge trees, and at low water impassable from those which have fallen into the water, and which sometimes form a foot-bridge over it.

We ended our day's voyage at Union, Mr. Macdonald's estate, a pleasant thatched house and garden, embosomed in woods at the foot of gentle eminences, and exhibiting the promising appearance of progressive improvement.

The next day I spent with profit to

my Flora.
The day after, we embarked on our river, in a three-oared boat, with each our little bundle, and proceeded along the coast in a south-westerly direc-